

THE  
TINY  
**PICTURE BOOK.**



PUBLISHED BY  
**GEORGE W. HOBBS,**  
CHARLESTOWN, MASS.

CHILDREN'S BOOK  
COLLECTION



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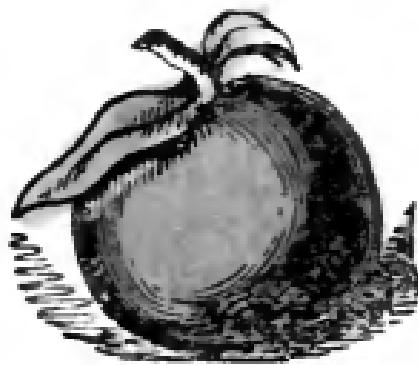




THE  
TINY  
**PICTURE BOOK.**



G. W. HORBS, CHARLESTOWN.



APPLES so round, and bright,  
and red —

O, how I love to see ;  
They look so tempting as they  
hang  
Upon the green old tree.

A naughty boy once tried to steal  
From off his neighbor's bough ;  
But sad to hear, adown he fell,  
And is a cripple now.



BOYS oftentimes are rough and  
rude,

And join in wicked play ;  
But hoop and top, and bat and ball,  
Are better any day.

“ Hark ! hark ! I hear a tinkling  
bell ;

It calleth me to school.”  
Run, run ! my boy, and study well ;  
Keep strictly every rule.



CAREFUL be of poor old puss,  
She catcheth all the mice :  
If any rat appears in sight,  
She chases in a trice.

And then she comes and sits her  
down,  
And washes all her fur ;  
How kind and loving doth she  
look —  
How pleasant doth she purr.



DOGS are so faithful, kind, and  
true,

We ought to treat them well;  
My little Johnny had a dog,  
Of which I wish to tell.

Now little John was at his play  
Beside the river's brink —  
Plash! in he fell! Good Rover ran,  
And would not let him sink.



EGGS are most useful to  
mamma;

She says she could not make,  
Without the help of new-laid  
*eggs,*

Good pudding or nice cake.

I'm sure the hens are very kind  
To lay for us some *eggs*;  
O, do not stone or tease them so,  
You'll break their little legs.



FROGS! frogs! I hear their  
merry croak

From river, pond, and stream;  
O, now I know that Spring has  
come,

And all will soon be green.

Who would not sing in sweet  
spring-time.

The time of song and flowers?  
Dear children, youth is your  
spring-time;

Improve its precious hours.

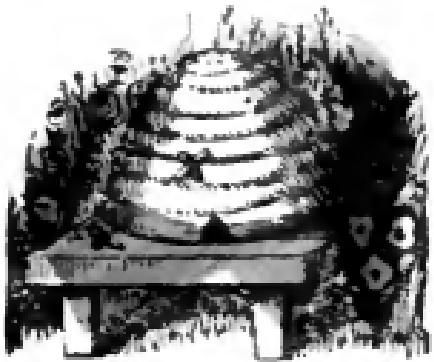


GIRLS should be gentle, soft,  
and mild ;

Never be rough and rude ;  
It always makes a happy home,  
Where little girls are good.

And they should love sweet Jesus,  
too ;

His blessed laws obey ;  
At morning's light, at evening's  
shade,  
For his kind blessing pray.



HIVES are the homes of little  
bees,

And when the day is fair,  
In busy haste they sally forth  
Into the sunny air,

To gather honey from the flowers,  
And bear it to the hive.

Buzz — buzz — work — work —  
the livelong day ;  
O, how the busy thrive !



“IBEX ! what is an Ibex, pa ? ”

Said little John, one day ;  
“ A strange and funny animal,  
Where do they live, I pray ? ”

“ It is a kind of goat, my son,  
Whose horns are wondrous long,  
They climb the rough and snowy  
Alps,  
With nimble feet and strong.”



JUGS that we use are chiefly  
made

Of stone or earthen ware ;  
We find them very useful, and  
Must handle them with care.

But jugs are sometimes used by  
men,

To hold their rum or gin —  
These are temptations, children  
dear ;

Pray to be kept from sin.

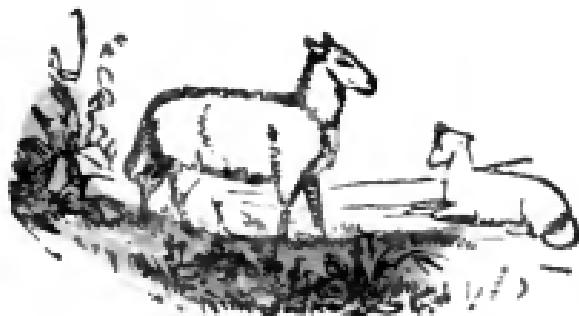


KEGS, too, so useful in their  
way,

Are tightly made of wood ;  
We pack our butter and our lard  
In kegs, to keep them good.

Their form is homely — but if  
clean,

They very useful are ;  
The meanest household article  
Requires the nicest care.



LAMB — pretty, little, quiet  
lamb,

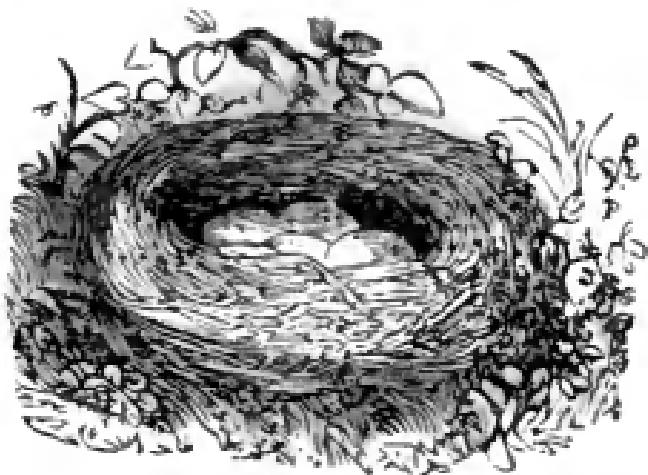
So gentle and so mild ;  
O, do not be afraid of me,  
I'm but a little child.

O, may I be of that dear flock,  
Of which the Saviour told ;  
Within the pastures of his love,  
He keeps his precious fold.



MELONS do in the garden grow,  
And very fine are they ;  
Cool and refreshing to the taste,  
Upon a summer's day.

And melons grow upon a vine  
That creepeth on the ground ;  
Amidst the green and silky leaves,  
The rich, ripe fruit is found.



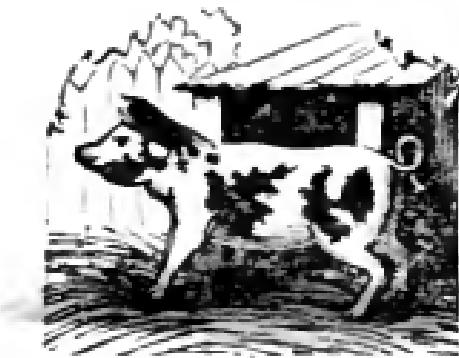
NEST ! O, a little robin's nest !  
Up in the apple tree !  
Four little eggs all blue and white,  
So close and snug, I see.

“ Mother, how could a little bird  
So neat a nest have made ? ”  
“ ’Twas God that taught the little  
bird  
How every straw was laid.”



“O, how I hate an ugly owl !”  
Cried little Johnny Lee ;  
This is a very silly hate,  
In Johnny’s heart to be.

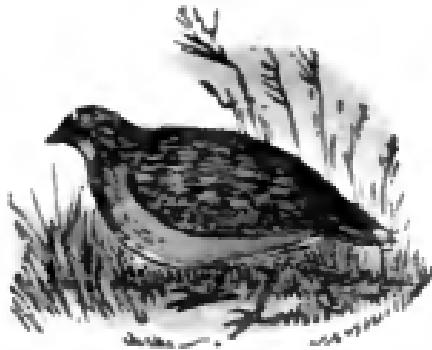
Our God did make the hooting  
owl,  
For purpose good and wise ;  
O, there is nothing we should hate,  
But sin’s unholy guise.



PIGS we are apt to treat with  
scorn,

But this is hardly fair,  
For very useful is poor pig,  
You surely will declare.

He helps to form our sausages,  
And they are very good ;  
His bristles make our brushes, and  
His pork we love for food.



QUAILS fill my mind with holy  
thoughts ;

For when the chosen tribe  
Were wandering in the wilderness  
Jehovah was their guide.

When hungry, to the Lord they  
cried ;

He sent them quails for food.  
God will send us, in hour of need,  
Whatever is for good.



ROSES are very fair to see,  
And fragrant is their breath;  
Their soft perfume doth scent the  
air  
The sweetest after death.

O, let us die in holy peace;  
And may our deeds of love  
Bear witness of a holy life,  
A pledge of rest above.



SWANS float upon the waters  
blue ;

How beautiful the sight !  
Their snowy plumage, graceful  
form,  
And neck so arched and light !

Old poets say, the swan doth sing  
One song with dying breath ;  
How sweet the thought — with  
holy song  
To welcome coming death !



TIGERS are handsome, noble  
beasts,

But O, most fierce are they !  
With mighty strength and bloody  
grasp,

They pounce upon their prey.

So beauty is of little worth,

Without a gentle mind ;  
Though few are handsome, yet  
we all

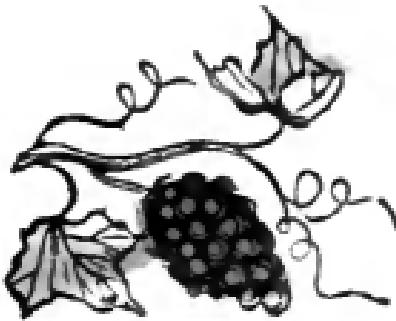
Can gentle be, and kind.



URNS were much used in olden  
time ;

The bodies of the dead  
Were burnt to ashes, and the dust  
In urns deposited.

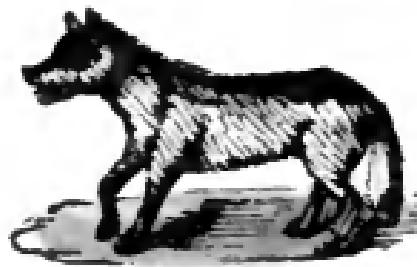
And often, on the tombstones now,  
We see carved out an urn,  
To tell us all we are but dust,  
To which we must return.



VINES form a cool, refreshing shade,

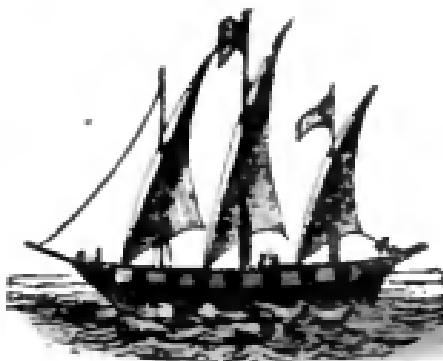
And grapes are fine and fair,  
Hanging in purple clusters — O,  
They look so rich and rare !

Our Saviour saith, " I am a vine,  
My branches shall ye be ;  
I will abide with you in love,  
If ye abide in me."



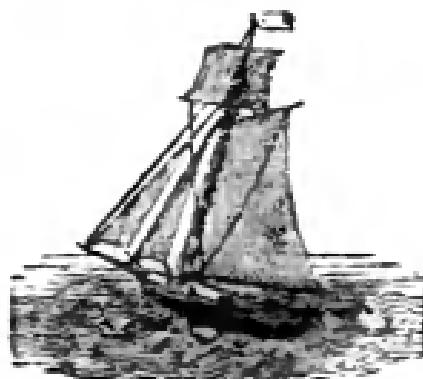
WOLVES are both fierce and  
cruel beasts,  
And feed on little lambs,  
If they perchance do stray away  
From the kind shepherd's hands.

We are the lambs of Jesus' fold ;  
O, may we never stray  
From our good Shepherd, lest  
we lose  
The straight and narrow way.



XEBECS are ships with three  
small masts,  
And light and fast they sail,  
But cannot stand a boisterous  
storm,  
Or weather a rude gale.

'This life is like a wide-spread sea;  
And, guided by the hand  
Of Him who made us, we sail on  
To reach a heavenly land.



YACHTS are small pleasure  
boats, both light  
And airy in their form ;  
They float upon a summer sea,  
But anchor in a storm.

Our anchor is the hope of heaven ;  
When storms of sorrow lower,  
Secure and firm, we will not fear,  
Even in the darkest hour.



ZEBRAS in form are like our  
horse,

Though not so tall and slim;  
Striped and glossy, smooth and  
bright,  
And beautiful their skin.

They are not docile, like the horse,  
They treat man with disdain;  
They spurn the rider and his whip,  
His bridle, bit and rein.



# A, B, C.

“ Why must I learn my A, B, C?”  
Asked little Kate; “ it wearies me.  
I wish to put my book away,  
I wish to run about and play.  
There’s kitty in the portico,  
O dear! if I could only go;  
Indeed, I think it very wrong  
To make poor kitty wait so long;  
I’ll gather pretty flowers for you,  
If I may go — do let me, do.”

## RUN AND PLAY.

Now run away, you little things,  
And romp, and jump, and play;  
You have been quiet long enough,  
So run away, I say.

Fred, you and Lucy roll your  
hoops;  
You on a stick can ride;  
And nurse, with baby, run a race,  
Or any play beside.

Little boys and girls may romp,  
And frisk, and jump, and play;  
Book and lessons both are done:  
So run away, I say.



